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When the ascending sap has parted with its superfluous water and carbonic acid, when under the influence of light it has absorbed carbon from the atmosphere, and when its constituents arrange themselves anew, so as to produce some or all of the substances above enumerated, its name as well as its functions cease: it has now become the descending or elaborated sap.

Let us now inquire the course which the descending sap pursues. We have stated in our last article, that if a ligature be twisted tightly round a branch of one of our common trees, the portion immediately above the ligature will become swollen, while that beneath it will retain its former thickness. If instead of a ligature we remove a circular ring of bark, the same phenomenon will take place: the part above this annular incision will swell out on every side. From this experiment we derive several important inductions. We learn from hence that this kind of sap descends, and moreover that the channel which conveys it is the *bark*.

Having ascertained the course which the elaborated sap pursues, let us now turn our attention to its *composition*. This is found to vary in different plants: thus in some, bitter principles are the chief constituents; in others, aromatic substances; in others it is principally resinous; but whatever may be the principal components, they may always be divided into two groups—namely, those which are subservient to the growth of the vegetable, and those which, becoming deposited in the different organs, confer on them those properties which entitle them to be employed as articles of medicine or aliment for animals, and by means of which different plants are in this respect distinguished from each other. The portion of the descending sap which serves for the growth of the vegetable, exudes in ordinary trees between the bark and the wood, forming a glutinous layer which separates these organs, and is the cause of the facility with which in autumn the bark can be detached from the stem: this portion is called *camhium*. In palms, and other trees of warm climates, there is no bark, and in such vegetables the nutritive part of the descending sap passes down through the centre of the stem.

The portion of elaborated sap which becomes deposited in the organs, and which varies more or less in every plant, is called the proper juice: proper vessels is the name given to the reservoirs which contain the proper juices; and according to the nature of their contents, the proper vessels are called milk-vessels, turpentine-vessels, vesicles of essential oil, &c.

In the foregoing paragraphs we have somewhat anticipated the uses of the descending sap: we have found that one portion of it is destined for the nutrition of the vegetable. Now, the same means which revealed to us the uses of the ascending sap, will also tell us how far the elaborated sap is concerned in vegetable nutrition. In the dark no sap is elaborated, and no vegetable fibre is developed. Are we not therefore justified in supposing that vegetable fibre is formed out of this elaborated sap? Again, let our readers call to their remembrance the experiment of tying a ligature around a branch: in that experiment not only does a considerable swelling take place above the ligature, but from this swollen portion cereal roots frequently protrude. These facts afford us a clue to the uses of the descending sap, for by developing vegetable fibre, it increases the thickness of the stem and the length of the roots, just as the ascending sap, by developing vegetable flesh, lengthens the stem, and enlarges the root in diameter.

T. A.

SONNET ABOUT A NOSE.

'Tis very odd that poets should suppose
There is no poetry about a nose,
When plain as is the nose upon your face,
A noseless face would lack poetic grace.
Noses have sympathy; a lover knows
Noses are always "*touched*," when lips are kissing;
And who would care to kiss, where nose was missing?
Why, what would be the fragrance of a rose,
And where would be our mortal means of telling
Whether a vile or wholesome odour flows
Around us, if we owned no sense of smelling?
I know a nose, a nose no other knows,
'Neath starry eyes, o'er ruby lips it grows;
Beauty is in its form, and music in its blows!

A CHAPTER ON MEN,

BY A CUR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

SIR—In the 12th number of your Journal you have given insertion to a paper tending to involve our ancient and honourable race in considerable disrepute—I allude to an article entitled "*A Chapter on Curs, by a Man*." Every story will on investigation be found to have two sides: you have given publication to the one, and surely you will not, in justice, refuse to give your readers an opportunity of judging of the other.

I remain, Sir, your faithful servant,

AN AGED CUR.

By what means I have acquired the facility of expressing my thoughts upon paper, it is not my intention to divulge. It is true that I have made an important discovery—that I have gained possession of a secret which mankind would give worlds to possess; but I owe too little gratitude to any member of the human race to be induced to part with it. I am old: nearly fifteen winters have passed over my head since I first drew breath, and in the course of nature death cannot be far distant. My discovery shall shortly perish with me; and the same ditch or dunghill shall witness the dissolution of both.

Of my parentage I can record but little, as I remember nothing whatever of my father, and my unfortunate mother was hanged shortly after having given me birth. Alas! my recollections of her are tinged with any but pleasurable emotions, for to her I owe much of the misery with which my career has been chequered. Had she conducted herself with prudence, and been satisfied to have selected a mate from amongst the many dogs of her own degree who solicited her paw, my existence might have been passed in happy, because unnoticed obscurity. But no: stern destiny decreed that it should be otherwise, and had marked me for misfortune ere even I was born. Let not the reader start to hear me mention *destiny*: if he object to my opinions on this subject, he has a wide field open to him for reply in the pages of the daily press, which, *cur* though I be, I am, by virtue of the discovery already alluded to, in the habit of reading; and he may rely upon it I am prepared to defend every position I advance. Why should I not mention *destiny*? I am a rigid fatalist, and well for me that I am. What else would enable me to bear up against the scoff and scorn of man? What else would steel my feelings against the blows of stones, thrown by the hands of such cowardly insensible men as he who published the philippic against our race, which has called forth this reply? What else would console me, when the staff of the churlish boor comes across my back, or when the urchin-rout attach the terrible *kettle* to my trembling tail? What supports me under such heart-rending circumstances, save the feeling that all is fixed—that such is my sad *destiny*, against which my barking or my struggling would avail me nought? But I digress—it is facts and not feelings that it is my province to record.

My ambitious parent, infatuated with the admiration and assiduity of her numerous suitors, despised them all, and falling a victim to her vanity, suffered herself to be seduced from the paths of propriety by a designing young pointer, who threw himself in her way, and employed every artifice, until at length he induced her to elope with him from her master's comfortable farm-yard. For a while the guilty pair contrived to escape detection. My unhappy mother took up her abode under a hay-stack in the neighbourhood, and for a week or two was well and kindly treated by her gay and youthful lover, who regularly saved a portion of his daily meals for her use. After a little, however, meeting with a new and more beautiful object on whom to bestow his worthless affections, he abandoned my mother to her own resources, and from that period she saw him no more. Dreading to return to the home she had left, and being pressed with hunger, she was compelled to steal for her subsistence, and the poultry in the neighbouring homesteads visibly diminished in number; while, to crown all, my parent was brought to the straw, and became the mother of five little ones, including myself. The additional drag which the suckling of so large a family produced, increased my progenitor's rapacity four-fold, and the indulgence of it caused her destruction. One day as she lay beside us, half famished, and ready almost to devour her own offspring, a little pig chanced to pass by. My mother belonged to a fierce breed, that called the bull-terrier, and, accordingly, stimulated by the gnawings of hunger, she sprang upon the little pig, and